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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June 1782 and is now in its one hundred and fifty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has been printed weekly for forty-eight years, state with the exception of a few weeks in 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS LONG, No. 200, Order-Signs of B. George—Albert Franklin, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 10, Knights of Columbus—John J. Allen, President; Patrick P. Roche, Secretary; G. Grattan, Record-keeper. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WOMEN, No. 677, Foursquare of America—James Grinnell, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dancer, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE Newport Antislavery Society—John J. Allen, President; Patrick P. Roche, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. J. O'Gorman, President; Mrs. Margaret K. Kean, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, No. 1—President, Mrs. Catherine Gillow, Secretary; Mrs. Adair Hemphill, Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. J. O'Gorman, President; Mrs. Margaret K. Kean, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

NEWPORT LIBRARY, No. 1, K. of P.—John W. Holman, Chancellor; Commandant; Robert F. Pennington, Keeper of Records and Books. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIES DIRECTOR, No. 8, H. R. K. of P.—Dr. George C. Sidney, D. Harvey, James G. Walsh, Recorders. Meets 1st Friday.

ON MOTION, No. 181—John Yule, Chief Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a rather busy session on Thursday evening, the principal matter at issue being the petitions for junk licenses. The board was divided as to whether the Mayor should investigate the applications or a committee of the board. There were several representatives of the junk men present and also several lawyers.

The regular weekly payrolls were approved. A number of petitions for improvements were referred to the committee of 25. Mayor Boyle announced the appointment of William A. Conney, W. H. Mathewson and W. P. Corcoran to his special policemen. After a brief hearing the Providence Telephone Company was granted permission to extend their line through Brooks Avenue.

The lecture by Mr. Benjamin L. Dennis of Providence on Wednesday evening under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., was very interesting to those who have considered the conditions on the island of Rhode Island before and during the Revolutionary days. Mr. Dennis proved himself thoroughly familiar with his subject and had a number of charts and diagrams of his own making with which he illustrated his remarks. The lecture was in the Representative chamber in the old State House and was well attended. The speaker was introduced by the regent of the chapter, Miss Edith M. Tiley.

Mr. Henry Fox was found dead in bed at his home Friday morning. He had been ill for some time and death was probably due to heart trouble. For some time he had kept a little variety store on Spring street but he was formerly well known as a driver of an omnibus during the summer season. He was born in England but had lived in Newport for many years.

Mrs. Silvay B. Gladding submitted to an operation on Thursday in order to check the progress of disease from which she has suffered for some time. The operation involved the amputation of one leg below the knee. The patient had a somewhat restless night Thursday but is doing as well as could be expected.

Dr. William T. Bell is planning to leave New York as soon as his condition will permit and go South for the balance of the winter.

Mrs. A. L. Andraus of New York is at her Newport residence, "Roxbury," on Miantonomi Avenue for some weeks.

Some Winter.

Last Sunday was one of the most disagreeable days of the winter thus far, but even at that Newport escaped very lightly as compared with other places in New England. In Providence the rain and snow and ice seriously interfered with traffic, crippling the car lines, and breaking overhead wires of telephone and telegraph companies as well as the fire alarm system. The amount of damage done figured up to a large sum.

In Newport it was merely an unpleasant day—very unpleasant to be sure, but as it was not a work day the people were able to stay in their homes so that little inconvenience was experienced. During Saturday night considerable snow fell which turned to rain Sunday morning, making the streets and sidewalks in a very slushy condition. The men of the highway department were out early clearing the driveways and afterward opening the gutters so as to allow the water to pass without obstruction. Some householders removed the snow from their walks, and others didn't, preferring to wait for the rain to accomplish the work for them. At first it looked as if the lazy ones were the winners for the snow began to disappear rapidly but with the coming of night it turned cold again and the walks were then very wet.

The few men who were watching the weather very anxiously now-a-days, wondering whether or not they will be able to harvest a crop before the winter is over. There has been ice enough on the ponds to allow skating and the hopes of the ice men have gone up and down in reverse proportion to the way the mercury fluctuated to the thermometer. Warm days alternating with cold spells, such as we have had for the last two weeks, are not conducive to a good ice crop, but there is yet for scalded cold weather. The Arctic Ice Company will probably do their skating—if that is any excuse—on the Green Pond pond, as they have not renewed their lease of the ice houses at the Lily pond.

United Congregational Church.

The annual roll call and supper of the United Congregational Church was held on Wednesday evening with a large number of the members of the church and congregation present. The ladies of the church served the supper at \$0.80, providing an excellent array of turkey and other edibles to which full justice was done. After the supper, the annual business meeting was held, reports being read from officers and committees. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Clerk—A. Russell Manchester. Treasurer—Gardner B. Perry. Deacon—James A. Butterbrooks. Trustee—Angus McLeod. Member of Church Committee—Walter S. Lingley. Sunday School Superintendent—Walter H. Chaplin.

Sunday School Secretary and Treasurer—Roland J. Weston.

Sunday School Committee—Mrs. Roland J. Weston, Mrs. H. B. H. Sherman, Horace S. Brown, in addition to the officers.

Mr. William H. Leavitt, son of Mr. A. L. Leavitt of this city, has completed his large painting of "The Lord's Supper," and it will be sent to Newport very shortly. In the fall it will be shown at some of the large exhibitions throughout the country.

The annual dinner of the Newport Naval Reserve was served last Saturday evening, and was a complete success. Lieutenant Charles E. Lawton presided, and the other speakers were Lieutenant Richardson and Ensign M. S. Bullock.

Mrs. Henry of Fort Adams, who was shot by her husband a few weeks ago, has so far recovered as to be able to go with her three children to the home of her father, in Allentown, Pa.

The speaker at the next dinner of the Channing Club on January 29th, will be Rev. Elmer S. Forbes of Boston, whose topic will be "The Church and Social Reform."

Mr. John E. True, formerly of Newport, died at Sheephead Bay, Long Island, on Monday. He was formerly an actor and had made quite a reputation on the stage.

The board of health has re-elected Dr. William A. Sherman, an bacteriologist, and Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., and Dr. John A. Young medical inspectors in the schools.

Mrs. Margaret V. White and Mr. Charles N. Coombs were married at St. Mary's Rectory on Sunday evening, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton King in Joliet, Ill.

Major and Mrs. J. O. Mallory will spend the balance of the winter in Aiken, S. C.

Some Winter.

The annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at the Second Baptist Church on Tuesday afternoon and evening, with a large attendance. The meeting was a very pleasant one, all the reports being of an encouraging nature and the members evincing much enthusiasm for the progress of the work.

Mrs. William B. Franklin, president of the Auxiliary, presided, and after a hymn and devotional exercises the secretary, Mrs. Clarence Stanhope, read her annual report, including a brief historical resume of the organization. The Auxiliary has had but two presidents, Mrs. Gardner B. Reynolds and Mrs. William B. Franklin, the latter having served for 18 years. There have been six secretaries but only one treasurer, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman. The present membership is 250.

The treasurer, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman, presented the following annual report:

Balance January 20, 1908,	\$11,28
Received from donations	211.00
Withheld from Baylins	100.00
Received from companies for 1907	1,277.49
From incolleagues	16.22
Total	\$1,705.69

Expenditures:

To state work	\$60.00
To local committee	90.60
To relief committee	6.25
To Secretary's expenses	10.20
To June department	10.00
To collection for the church	200.00
To deposit in Baylins	1,277.49
To incolleagues in expenses	20.60
Balance to new account	0.05
Total	\$1,763.99

Total receipts

To expenses

Balance January 19, 1909

0.05

In spite of her announced intention to decline another election, Mrs. William B. Franklin was prevailed upon to serve as president for another term, the officers elected being as follows:

President—Mrs. William B. Franklin.

First Vice President—Mrs. T. Fred Kaulf.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Roland J. Weston.

Secretary—Mrs. Clarence Stanhope.

Treasurer—Mrs. Albert K. Sherman.

Directresses—First Baptist Church,

Mrs. Remond B. Ryders, Second Baptist,

Mr. William J. Easton and Mr.

Henry D. Scott, United Congregational.

Mrs. Simeon T. H. Allman, First Methodist Episcopal, Mrs. Oliver E. French, First Presbyterian, Mrs. Albert W. Luther, Trinity, Mrs. Fred A. Allard, Emmanuel, Mrs. Henry H. Tilley, St. George's, Mrs. Peter King, St. John's, Mrs. John M. Friend, Friends, Mrs. William Holt.

At 8 o'clock supper was served, and afterwards reports of the amounts collected by the various companies during the year were presented as follows:

Company A and D, Mrs. J. Alton Parker, \$100.42; Company B and C, Mrs. George W. Barlow, \$100.10; Company E and F, Mrs. William J. Easton, \$153.00; Company G and H, Miss Mary Hazard, \$100.45; Company K, Mrs. T. Fred Kaulf, \$102.12; Company M, Miss Sarah Manuel, \$74.23; Company T and W, Mrs. William H. Tilley, \$100.

The evening session was marked by an address by Rev. Dr. G. W. Quirk and General Secretary W. H. Chaplin, and the reading of an original poem by Miss Loretta E. French.

Mrs. Katherine L. Carroll and Mr. Charles F. Gifford, of the Torpedo Station, were married at St. Mary's Church in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends on Tuesday morning. Rev. William B. Meenan officiating.

The bride wore a gown of white silk muslin and carried a bouquet of Bridal roses. Miss Mary L. Carroll, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank K. Burne was the best man.

The young couple started for New York and Washington on the steamer General and their friends assembled on the wharf to start them off in proper fashion.

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Mr. Nicholas E. Dwyer, who has recently taken over the lease of the Perry House, has felt compelled to resign as a member of the committee of 25 of the representative council, and President Burlingame has appointed Mr. Andrew K. Quin to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Frank Topley, who was a member of the old New Hampshire Band before the Training Station was established here, has been placed on the retired list after 30 years' service.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton King in Joliet, Ill.

Major and Mrs. J. O. Mallory will spend the balance of the winter in Aiken, S. C.

Women's Auxiliary.

Charity Organization Society.

The annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society was held on Tuesday evening in the Rogers High School with a large attendance. Annual reports were received and routine business was transacted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Darius Baker.

Vice President—Rev. Elmer H. Porter, D. D.

Treasurer—Clark Burdick.

Member of the Board of Reference for three years—Joseph P. Cotton, Herbert W. Job, Rev. William B. Meenan, Rev. James Mahan, Dr. Marcus J. Wheatland,

Mrs. Harriet Shinn, secretary of the society, presented a valuable report telling of the work done during the year, and making suggestions for the future. High tribute was paid to Miss Katherine P. Wormley and Mr. J. Truman Burdick who had died during the year.

The financial report of the secretary was as follows:

Balance January 1, 1908,	\$1,47
Received from donations	1,000.00
Interest on funds	182.90
Returned funds	24.00
Total	\$1,564.90

Disbursed for relief

Paid Treasurer for general account

Paid Agent for Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children

Balance, January 1, 1909

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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Chapter 4

"Well, Betty, you never told me you were interviewed on the dock. These were the first words Mrs. Ess Kay said to me as I walked in to breakfast, a little late because of a walk I had had with a different kind of bath."

"I wasn't," said I, on the defensive, "though I couldn't be perfectly sure what connection, if any, interviewing had with the customs. You told me not to declare anything, and I didn't."

Mr. Parker, looking as if he had been melted, poured into his clothes, and then cooled off with feed water, burst out laughing.

"You're a daisy, Lady Betty," said he.

"Is it ridiculous to be a daisy?" I asked.

"I guess I must look in the direction of 'ridiculous,' but a daisy is a flower that has budded in the green fields of England, where there aren't any newspaper reporters or other strange bugs."

"Potter!" exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay, "don't tease her, and when you've been in the green fields of England, you'll say, 'ay insects, not—or—what you did say, if you don't want ladies to faint all around you on the floor.' Then she turned to me. 'He means you're very innocent, because you don't know what it is to be interviewed. But you must have been it, all the same, for see here, in this dreadful 'Flashlight.' And she handed me a newspaper, with one page folded over and huge headings dotted about at the top of paragraphs, like the lines of big print that occultists keep to make you try your eyesight. In the middle column I saw my name, but I couldn't believe it was really there. In an American paper, I began to think I wasn't awake yet, and that this must be part of the dream I was dreaming all yesterday."

"HONKY-BETTY-BULKELEY!" I read out aloud. "A Duke's Daughter on the Dock. Call Her by Her Front Name, Please. What Lady Betty Thinks of Our Boys."

There was more, but when I had got so far, I simply gasped.

"How dare they?"

"There isn't much they don't dare, except to go back without a 'story,'" said Mr. Parker, laughing. "But, I didn't laugh. I was too angry.

"If my brother were here, he'd kill them," I said.

"Then he hasn't got a sense of humor," replied Mr. Parker. "I don't see how a duke could have and be a duke nowadays, but, I guess I wouldn't mind swopping my sense of humor for a dukedom, all the same. See here, Lady Betty, you'll get to like our newspapers before you've been over here a month. They sort of grow on you. They're as interesting as novels, and almost as true to life."

"This isn't true to my life, anyway," I said, not knowing whether I wanted most to laugh or cry. "Oh, Sally, Sally Woodburn, will anybody believe I said such things as these?"

"Give the 'Flashlight' to me and let me look," she said. And when she'd taken the paper, she began to read the stuff that came under the big headings out about in her pretty, soft voice:

"Yesterday was blazer, but though it was hot enough on the docks to roast a cow when the Big Willies started in that beautiful young visitor to our shores, Lady Betty Bulkeley, managed to look like the duke's daughter and duke's sister she is and, so far as a mere man could tell, without the help of patent hair curlers or other artificial aids to personal pelfecture.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, she sat on a throne of cloud luggage looking grandly in an elegant white shirt waist built mostly of holes and evidently suited to her style of beauty as well as the weather. She also had on a plumed hat, which was superfluous, as she would have been a picture without it, and below the waist she was taller made."

"I think it's most insulting!" I broke in. "And I was made at home, all the way down."

But Sally went on: "I soon found (writes the representative of the 'Flashlight') that the sister of the Duke of Stanforth, one of Bulkeley's eligibles, preferred to be addressed by her front name of Lady Betty. 'I feel more at home,' said she, with a sweet voice, but a pronounced English accent, 'when I am called Lady Betty. And I want to feel at home in America because I expect to be some time with my friend, Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, who will show me society over on this side. I have heard so much about Newport, don't you know, I fancy it will be too utterly deady."

"What's deady?" I demanded, with scorn.

"Oh, that's supposed to be what smart Englishwomen say for divine."

"I never heard of it," I sneered, "much less said it. I'm sure mother would consider it quite profane."

"Well, do be quiet, child, and listen to what the 'Flashlight' says you said. What opinion have you formed of our society women and clubmen on board the Willies?" was the next question.

"I think your ladies are better dressed than ours, and the gentlemen are just lovely. They don't sit around and wait while we girls amuse them; they bustle to give us a good time, and they know how to do it. I shouldn't wonder if I should hate to go home."

little French bull, with skin satiny as a ripe chestnut, and eyes like rosettes of brown velvet, with diamonds shining through them. He had on a spiky silver collar, fringed on each edge with white horsehair, and he came trotting into the room with a high action of his paws, daintily and proud, like a horse that knows he's on show, and his tiny head was cocked on one side as if he were asking us to please, and I supposed that the little fellow belonged to Mrs. Ess Kay, and that he was being brought in to add his miseries good humor, but she said quite sharply, "What dog is that?"

"He's a petted, pampered," said the butler, addressed to Lady Betty Bulkeley. He was left at the door by a messenger boy, and the label's on his collar!"

In another instant that little live, warm bundle of brindled satin sewed on to steel wires was in my lap, and it did seem as if he knew that he was alone. The queerest thing was that he had no mate with him. On the label—just a luggage label tied to his collar—was my name, in a strange but very interesting looking hand, and these words besides: "The dog is now found. His name is Vivace."

"Who has sent it to you, Betty?" asked Mrs. Ess Kay, and I could see by her eyes that she was very envious. I had just answered, "I don't know from Adam," when some words of my own jumped into my head. I could hear myself saying, "I must first find the dog," and then I knew that the giver of Vivace wasn't Adam. But luckily I hadn't thought before I spoke, so it was no harm to let it rest at that, and I just sat and played with my new toy while Mrs. Ess Kay and her brother chattered about him excitedly.

"It must be Tom Doremus," said she. "He's the only man I let you know well enough on board to take such a liberty."

I thought of another man she hadn't wanted to let me know, but I rubbed my chin on Vivace's ear, which felt like a wall flower, and kept quiet.

"Check of Doremus," remarked Mr. Parker. "He's a Jester from way back. How does he know Lady Betty likes dogs? I should send the little brute off to the dogs' home."

"If Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox makes me do that, I shall have to go with him—and stop with him, too," said I. And I almost hated Mr. Parker for a minute in spite of the walking stick roses and the snowdrifts of gardenias up-stairs.

"Of course, you shall keep the dog if you want to," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "unless we find out that he's been sent by some one undesirable, and then of course the dutchess would expect me to see that you gave him back."

"I feel somehow that she shall never find out," I said, and I hugged Vivace so hard, without meaning to, that he gave a tiny grunt. But he didn't mind a bit and licked my hand with a tongue that was like a sweet little sample of pink plush.

I was suddenly so happy with my surprise present that I forgave America for having imaginative reporters and wasn't homesick for the pony or for Bengaluru and her puppies or anything.

"Our American buds are surprised when they don't get them. They would think it a cold day when they didn't have a slight morning haul of flowers—must be out of season, ones or they're no use—new novels or candy. What do men over on your side of the water do to convince you girls that they think you're as beautiful as you really are?"

I thought for a minute, and then I said that perhaps we weren't as hard to convince as American girls. I don't know whether this was a proper answer or not, but, anyway, Mr. Parker laughed, and then began to plan what we should do for the day.

"Say, let's run her over to Coney Island," he said.

"Oh, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay. "Not for anything. The dutchess would have a fit—I mean, she would be horrified."

But when I heard that Coney Island was like a kind of glorified Margate (which I've never been to, but only heard about), with switchbacks and all sorts of shows, I said that mother would consider it a chapter in the liberal education of a respectable British tourist, and it was decided that we should take the train. Mrs. Ess Kay had to do a lot of things before she could go on to Newport, so we were to shop all the morning, lunch at Sherry's, rest in the afternoon and spend the evening at Coney Island. Next day we were to go to West Point, where Mr. Parker is stationed, and stay there all night for a cadet ball.

Just as we had got this programme settled, and were making up our minds

to go out early, "while it was cool" (we should all have been lying about with wet handkerchiefs on our foreheads at home, and there would have been special prayers in church if it had ever been what New Yorkers seem to think cool), the butler came in leading

by a leash a perfect angel of a dog, a

little French bull, with skin satiny as a ripe chestnut, and eyes like rosettes of brown velvet, with diamonds shining through them. He had on a spiky silver collar, fringed on each edge with white horsehair, and he came trotting into the room with a high action of his paws, daintily and proud, like a horse that knows he's on show, and his tiny head was cocked on one side as if he were asking us to please, and I supposed that the little fellow

belonged to another farther up before meeting Mr. Parker, who was to give us lunch at a place called Sherry's, at 1 o'clock. On the way, Sally suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Katherine, we must initiate this dear child into the mysteries of ice cream soda water, and I'm just yearning for some myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Ess Kay gave the direction to her maid-servant, a very young man with eyes that looked positively in with intelligence and a way of snapping out "all right" when she spoke to him that would make Stan sit up with surprise if his chauffeur did it.

Sally said that the neatest oasis in the desert of London was an American place where you can get ice cream soda water, but I had never had any, and in the burning heat of the New York morning, which hung itself into the shop like a great wave in spite of fierce electric fans, I could have burned in pure delight over the piled up ice cold froth in that tall glass. It tasted like frozen velvet flavored with strawberries, and I should have loved to be an ostrich or an anaconda, so that the sensation might have lasted longer.

There were no men in the shop, only women, and so pretty that you wondered if there were a mother peeped up over the door forbidding plain ladies to enter. Two or three had yellow hair, yellow than mine, and Mrs. Ess Kay said they were actresses, who always came back to New York in summer to wait for things to open up, just as chickens come home to roost, and that they were supposed to be resting.

I had always thought that a banana made you feel more as if you had eaten a large, elaborate dinner than any other thing possibly could, but I found that an ice cream soda is even more so, and it was lucky for us that we had another hour's shopping to do (Mrs. Ess Kay made it an hour and a half because Potter is only her brother) before luncheon.

The next shop was even more wonderful than the first and would have been a great deal more solemn and dignified and even conventional if the same kind of wooden balls hadn't gone tearing round like mad squirrels in whores over the counters, with people's money shot up inside them. They were very young youths sitting in tall pupit things, who caught the balls on the fly in a sparing way and did some thing to them, but I never could see what, and afterward sent them back with the greenback bills inside turned miraculously into silver and pretty little round pebbles.

When we got to Sherry's, Potter was waiting for us and looking cross. I think persons with turned up noses show crossness more easily than the other kind, and Potter had the expression in his eyes that Vic has when her gloves are tight and mother is in a trying mood at the same time. I shouldn't be surprised if he has a bad temper, although he thinks of so many funny things. And though he is nice to me, he can't help saying things sometimes which show that he has a prejudice against England. That seems extraordinary, and shows one how concealed we English really are, for one is quite accustomed to the idea that there may be people who don't care for Americans, but it is odd that Americans may not like us. I suppose it's on a par with the sentiments in our national anthem, which when one comes to analyze them don't exactly suggest a sense of give and take—or, for that matter, a sense of humor.

"Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks!" but naturally bless everything in which we are concerned, as we are certain to be above reproach. I'm afraid that's quite of a piece with the vainglory confidence we have in our own superiority, although I dare say I should never have realized it if it weren't for Mr. Potter Parke and his perky nose.

It began to be less perky when we were all settled at a table in a perfectly charming restaurant, the most jolly place to eat in that I ever saw. I can't imagine even a dead being ill-tempered in it for long, and it was deliciously cool, as if we had come into a shadowy green wood after the blazing, brassy glare of the streets.

The big room really was rather like a wood, so the shuttle isn't farfetched—an open space in a wood, ringed around with tall trees bending their branches low over a still pool. The soothsaying brown of the wainscoted walls, gave the tree trunk effect; the great hanging baskets of ferns and moss that hung from the ceiling were the tree branches, and the many round

stone white tables with green velvet chairs grouped closely around them on the polished floor were the water lilies with green pads floating on the surface of the pond.

Nearly everything we had for lunch was in a more or less advanced state of frostiness, from the bouillon, even so far along to the toes in the shape of different colored fruits, toward the end. Nevertheless, all of us, except Potter, drank ice water instead of wine whenever we stopped eating for an instant or couldn't think of anything particular to say, and the more we had the more we seemed to want. There was a kind of food water cure upon us.

As soon as I saw the notion counter I knew why they had named it, for only it would be still more expressive if it were called the imagination counter. It was lovely, and looked like thousands of little Christmas presents spread out for every one.

There were a great many pretty people buying things at it, and in most of the other departments where I went with Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally, but when I adulated them, and the sweet blouses they wore and the way they carried their shoulders and hips, Mrs. Ess Kay snuffed and said there was nobody in New York now—nobody at all who was worth looking at and wouldn't be till October, except those who were just in the city for a day or two of shopping, like us. When I thought of it—which I did all the way down to the shops—the more I thought it impossible that a man who had been obliged to cross the Atlantic in the steerage would even have a hundred pounds in the world. Somebody had perhaps given him the dog from a kennel, when it was a wee puppy, I said to myself, but this, though it eased my mind in one way, made the gift seem all the more pathetic—that that poor, handsome Jim Brett should part with something he must have loved (for he could have Vic and not have him) to please me. I should have liked to write a note to him, but he had sent the present anonymously, and I felt somehow as if he hadn't meant or wished me to acknowledge it.

I was still wondering what I should do, the brougham stopped before a shop even larger than Harrod's or the Army and Navy stores. There were lovely things in the windows, things that looked like American women and not like English or even French ones, though I couldn't define the difference if I were ordered to with a revolver at my head.

The petit-jeans and stockings and belts and lace things and parasols and especially blouses, were so perfectly thrilling that my heart began to beat quite fast at sight of them. I felt as if I must have some immediately, and when Mrs. Ess Kay said that this was "quite a cheap store," I said to myself that I would do something more interesting than watch her shopping.

She had to buy handkerchiefs to begin with, for most of hers had disappeared in the wash at foreign hotels; and Sally wanted yelling. Those were not interesting to me, because they are necessary, and necessary, like your daily bread and such things, are so dull. I said that I would just wander about a little, as they thought they would be some time, and we made an appointment to meet in half an hour at what they called the notion counter. I hadn't an idea what it was, and didn't like to ask, because I had asked so many questions already, but I knew that I could get some one to take me there when the half hour was up.

When you want everything you see, but aren't sure which things you want enough to buy and how many you can afford, it's less confusing to know

what motor to another farther up before meeting Mr. Parker, who was to give us lunch at a place called Sherry's, at 1 o'clock. On the way, Sally suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Katherine, we must initiate this dear child into the mysteries of ice cream soda water, and I'm just yearning for some myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Ess Kay gave the direction to her maid-servant, a very young man with eyes that looked positively in with intelligence and a way of snapping out "all right" when she spoke to him that would make Stan sit up with surprise if his chauffeur did it.

Sally said that the neatest oasis in the desert of London was an American place where you can get ice cream soda water, but I had never had any, and in the burning heat of the New York morning, which hung itself into the shop like a great wave in spite of fierce electric fans, I could have burned in pure delight over the piled up ice cold froth in that tall glass. It tasted like frozen velvet flavored with strawberries, and I should have loved to be an ostrich or an anaconda, so that the sensation might have lasted longer.

There were no men in the shop, only women, and so pretty that you wondered if there were a mother peeped up over the door forbidding plain ladies to enter. Two or three had yellow hair, yellow than mine, and Mrs. Ess Kay said they were actresses, who always came back to New York in summer to wait for things to open up, just as chickens come home to roost, and that they were supposed to be resting.

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There were no men in the shop, only women, and so pretty that you

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1910

Saturday, January 23, 1909.

It would be entirely fitting for Judge Rathbun to send a polite note of thanks to the Providence Journal as a token of appreciation of their assistance in electing him to the Superior Court bench.

Does the anti-slavery enthusiast who is praying to the Lord to kill all medical men who practice vivisection expect her prayers to be answered? She must have a peculiar idea of the quality of the divine mercy.

The death of Major Theodore K. Gibbs means a serious loss to the people of Newport. He was a man who possessed a true spirit of charity and kindness—a man who was helpful to others because it pleased him to be, and not for the notoriety that it would bring.

In a recent trial in England, the presiding judge testified that although he supposed the telephone was a reality, he disliked it and saw no necessity for it, and while he could not exactly say he had never seen one, as he had seen "something hanging up in the hall," he had never gone near it or used it, and would not know how to use it. People, he said, did not need telephones 100 years ago and got along very well without them, and he did not see why we wanted them today.

The Legislature of Tennessee has passed the bill providing absolute prohibition throughout the State, being the same bill that Governor Patterson had vetoed. Temperance has made almost incredible strides throughout the South, within a comparatively few months, and yet there is presumably little danger of any "respectable" white man being compelled to go thirsty. The North is not yet ready to believe that the Southern "gentleman" intends to forego his favorite beverage.

An unprecedented record of cost in a single suit and a record for words of testimony never before approached in a case prosecuted by the federal government were revealed recently in the suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Co. The testimony taken filled 22 printed books. The Standard Oil Co. spent more than \$4,000,000 to defend itself, and the federal government spent about the same amount in prosecuting. Sixty-nine companies declared to be subsidiary to the Standard Oil were involved in the suit. Exactly 102 witnesses were called by the government and 140 by the defendant. The testimony consists of 1,500,000 words.

Novelists and playwrights have delighted to weave their plots around a fugitive criminal from the United States who has taken refuge in Honduras, from which country he could not be extradited by process of law. They will be deprived of this foundation for their work in the future, however, for the United States has negotiated an extradition treaty with Honduras, one that is said to be even retroactive, so that the present fugitives who are now living there can be arrested and returned to this country for trial. This will leave no spot in the world in which American criminals can coupler themselves safe.

California will probably not press to a conclusion at present the Japanese issue. There had been introduced into the Legislature bills looking to the exclusion of the Japanese, but in response to a personal request from President Roosevelt, accompanied by a letter of explanation, it was agreed that the bills should not be passed. Undoubtedly, if the bills were passed the effect upon the Japanese would be serious, and although it is hardly reasonable to suppose that it would lead to immediate war it might readily lead to a strained condition that a trivial incident could develop into an actual outbreak. As the President points out, the number of Japanese in this country has already begun to diminish so that legislation is unnecessary.

Employers' Liability.

Legislation dealing with employers' liability for industrial accidents is among the matters likely to engage the attention of Congress, and perhaps of the state legislatures, next year. In his speech at the Civic Federation dinner on Tuesday night, Mr. Taft said that the matter was one that lay close to his thoughts. He suggested that if by a reasonable employers' liability act both in the federal and the state jurisdictions we could remove from the courts nine-tenths of the suits brought for the recovery of damages and settle just awards under some provision for arbitration and an administrative but quasi-judicial tribunal, we could help the poor laboring men who suffer the accidents to a quick recovery of needed damages, and apply the familiar rule that he gives twice who gives quickly. Furthermore, if that could be done, not only would a great benefit be conferred on labor on the one hand, but a great burden of litigation would be removed from the courts, thus allowing them to dispose of other judicial business expeditiously. This expression from the President-elect will without doubt produce an effect in Congress, where there is no lack of disposition to enact legislation in the interest of labor.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly went into grand committee on Friday to fill the vacancy on the Superior Court caused by the promotion of Judge Sweetland to the higher court. There were several candidates for the position but on the first ballot Judge Elmer J. Rathbun of West Greenwich was elected. There had been much opposition to his candidacy and the Newport delegation was understood to be opposed to him. The vote stood: Rathbun, 64; William B. Greenough, 30; John S. Murdock, 12; Lewis A. Waterman, 8, and Charles A. Salisbury, 1.

The General Assembly has devoted much of its time during the past week to the filling of offices and similar business incident to the early part of the session. There have been several changes on the bench of the State. Presiding Justice William H. Sweetland of the Superior Court has been elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Justice Willard B. Tanner has been promoted to Chief Justice of the Superior Court.

Governor Poole has extended a full pardon to Captain William Chamberlain of Newport. The resolution of the board of aldermen of Newport providing an appropriation for the tussock moth has been presented to the Senate and House. In the Senate a resolution has been introduced asking the Supreme Court for a ruling as to the legality of separating what is known as the "dual amendment" to the constitution.

Speaker Burhards has appointed William H. Jackson of this city assistant doorkeeper of the House. Mr. Jackson had the backing of the Newport delegation, who made a strong fight to his behalf. George Seaford of this city has also been appointed a page in the House.

Speaker Burhards announced the appointment of his committee on Tuesday and the Newport members all received good places. Representative Franklin of this city is chairman of the judiciary committee, probably the most important position in the House.

The Newport County appointments were as follows:

Hornes N. Haskard, corporations, chairman public institutions. Robert S. Franklin, chairman judiciary, rules and order, joint committee on executive committees. R. Livingston Beckman, finance; Robert Kerr, militia.

Frank P. Peckham of Middletown, labor, joint committee on printing. Benjamin C. Sherman of Portsmouth, labor. Alton Head of Jamestown, fisheries. Ray G. Lewis of New Shoreham, chairman fisheries, corporations. Henry G. Wilcox of Tiverton, fisheries.

A Rich Grab.

The whole country is interested in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. It is an important part of the most valuable territory belonging to the American people. It lies in the Yosemite National Park and next to the Yosemite Valley the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is the most beautiful tract in that wonderful region. It belongs to the people and it should forever be preserved to the people as a source of health and pleasure.

It seems pretty clear, therefore, that Mr. Garfield has made a mistake in granting any rights whatever to the city of San Francisco in this valley which will interfere with the rights of the public, no matter what cause there was for making the grant. But if it has been made without even the appearance of a good reason, he has made a doubly regrettable mistake. On the face of it the Hetch-Hetchy Valley has been alienated from the public and turned over to San Francisco as a reservoir for city water.

Even if San Francisco could not get water elsewhere, she ought not to have obtained the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The rights of the American people to this enormously valuable property are superior to hers. In fact, she has no right at all to it. But San Francisco can get plenty of water elsewhere. Her present supply properly developed would furnish her 100,000,000 gallons daily, whereas she uses but 85,000,000 gallons.

Moreover there are other sources available without troubling on the National domain, which would supply all she needs forever. There are few cities in the world so well able to get abundance of good water as San Francisco. Why, then, this eagerness to grab the Hetch-Hetchy Valley and rob the nation of its property? That it is robbery there is no doubt. Mr. Garfield, with the greatest prudential, has exacted no compensation from the city. He has given away the great water powers of the valley with the water. He has made no requirement concerning road construction, and he has made it possible to exclude the public forever from a full half of the Yosemite National Park. It all seems very mysterious.

But the mystery lightens a little when we turn our attention to the water power which goes with the grant. This is worth millions of dollars. Properly improved, it would pay for the maintenance of the park in perpetuity, build all needed roads, erect all structures required for use and beauty. Mr. Garfield has given it away. Surely it is a magnificent present to somebody. Who gets it? Obviously the city of San Francisco gets it. In all likelihood some corporation bidding back of the city has it well to grab it. No man ought to have authority to squander public property in this way; or if he must have the power he should be held responsible for the abuse of it. Power without corresponding responsibility is almost invariably mischievous. If Mr. Garfield had to make good the property which he so lightly threw away, he would not throw it away so lightly. The Hetch-Hetchy Valley belongs to the people and they ought to be able to keep it.—Portland Oregonian.

There are 613 non-resident tax-payers in New York city who last year paid \$18,500 in taxes. H. C. Frick, the Pittsburgh steel magnate, is the largest tax payer on \$600,000 of property. Many of these people are permanent residents of Newport.

Some Types of Reformatories.

Oli Fuller, warden of the Michigan Reformatory, at Ionia, an aggressive and positive man, alludes critically in his biennial report to the methods pursued in a large class of State reformatories. Urging the lawmakers to keep hands off the penal labor legislation of Michigan he says: "The cost of the proposed tinkering of prison labor laws in other states has run into the millions. This is particularly true in the reformatories in the several States. Is two and a half to fifteen times the cost of the Michigan Reformatory." He doubts if they accomplish more for practical reformation and he believes that results fail to justify the expense.

The question as to whether a State reformatory should be run so as to make the best financial showing possible or the best educational showing is likely to be long in dispute. The fiscal exhibit which the Michigan Institution makes is pretty sure to please the taxpayers. With the average daily number of inmates \$25 the net cost to the State treasury for the last two years was only \$36,996. The emphasis which the institution puts on earnings contrasts with the Massachusetts Reformatory at Concord which cost \$28,460 last year and seeks \$28,200 in the State budget this year. Of course the Concord institution has a much larger population.

The Michigan reformatory is conducted more like a factory; the Massachusetts reformatory more like a school. The former institution aims to produce as much as possible; the latter to teach as much as possible. The reformatory value of productive labor is doubtless great; the utility of industrial training is not a negligible quantity. That reformatory which combines productive labor with a considerable amount of instruction is likely, on the whole, to beget the most satisfactory results. Some State reformatories, apart from their names, are nothing more than State prisons for first offenders within certain prescribed age limits. Their industrial and financial systems, not to mention their general administrative methods, are little different from those which obtain in modern and progressive penitentiaries. On the other hand, some reformatories make the idea of training as distinguished from that of production so prominent that it is not altogether easy for them to escape from Warden Fuller's scurvy charge of being "college reformatories."

Nobody can fail to be impressed with the variety of administrative policies found in the reformatory system of the United States. In some quarters the social value of a reformatory has been exaggerated; in other localities it has been underrated. The ideal which experts are trying to attain is to evolve a type of institution which will unite the best features of the productive labor policy with the industrial training system.—Boston Transcript.

Never, perhaps, in the history of New York have the hotels at this season of the year been so well patronized as at the present time. In all of the 191 larger hostels the books show that the volume of business is not only far ahead of that for the corresponding period last year, but that it exceeds that of January, 1907, when prosperity was at its height.

POWER OF WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It's Practically Irresistible.

When a man goes in swimming at the seashore and slaps the water forcibly with his hand or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet, says a writer in the New York Tribune, it would surprise almost anybody to see what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a nozzle used to pierce masonry in the west cuts away a large piece of land in a day, toys with great boulders as if they were pebbles and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a canon.

There is a story of an eastern blacksmith who went west and made a bet that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a sledge hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge and came down on the ten inch stream with a force that would have dented an anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the massive hammer out of the blacksmith's hands and tossed it several hundred feet away into the debris of gold bearing gravel beneath a crumbling cliff. After this the blacksmith left out iron when he spoke of hard substances.

There is also a power plant near Durango, Colo., where a United States cavalryman one day thought he had an easy job in cutting a two inch stream with his sword. He made a valiant attack; the result was that his sword was shattered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending 1,600 feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, Spv., and traveling at the moderate speed of 100 yards a second fractures the best blades of Toledo.

Of course some people will have seen the thing, and one may think it a proof of the scientific inclination to say that an inch thick sheet of water, provided it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombshells as well as steel plates.

Nevertheless many persons while traveling have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a Pullman car and lift twenty tons or so by a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle, and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator tends to remove doubts of the magic power possessed by water hitched to a machine.

The Great Need.

"Miss Dolly, you know the old adage."

"I don't want to hear anything about add-ages," she interrupted. "What we girls want is some subtract-ages."—Woman's Home Companion.

Washington Matters.

The Riding Tests for Army and Navy Officers—Proposed Increase in President's Salary—Urgent Need of Increase of Salary in Federal Judiciary—Encouraging News from Panama—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent]
Washington, D. C., Jan. 22, 1909.

Ever since the command from the White House went forth that army and navy officers would be required to undergo a mild physical endurance test there have been modified rules.

As a usual thing army and navy men over forty years old do not keep themselves in training and it is suspected that a majority of them after a horseback ride of ten or fifteen miles would experience considerable fatigue and soreness. The test required by the President was a horseback ride of thirty miles in three consecutive days, a pretty severe test for soft men of middle age, the majority of them weighing perhaps two hundred pounds but what right has an army officer to weigh two hundred pounds? The man weighing that much is probably not in good health and has spent too many years since he was thirty in sedentary eating and drinking. He is too heavy for an ordinary horse, and extraordinary horses are hard to find. A rider in practice has an indurated seat and can easily ride thirty miles a day not only for three consecutive days but for ten or thirty.

Well, the groans and the protests of the captain's colonels and majors came to the ear of the President and he determined to show them what the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy could do and to that end one day this week he got up between three and four o'clock in the morning, mounted his horse and with three companions rode to Warrenton, Virginia, where he ate luncheon and, after a rest of half an hour, rode back to the White House driving about eight o'clock at night having covered in the round trip a distance of nearly eight miles; in other words, having ridden in one day eight miles more than he has required regular army and navy officers to ride in three days. The President weighs two hundred pounds but he is tough and as hard as nails. He has been riding constantly for years probably about eighteen miles a day and was of course in training. There can be no doubt that there is too much sternity and softness among the officers both of the army and of the navy. Mr. Roosevelt doubtless remembers the striking example of General Shafter who was in command of the Cuban army sent to subdue the Cubans. The immensely stout old General weighed probably three hundred and fifty pounds but in the way of baggage was like a three hundred and fifty ton mountain around the neck of the army. His headquarters were miles in the rear of the army and there on a couch groaning with gout he sweltered in the humid tropical July climate.

The lives and the treasure lost to the country through promotion by seniority of null men will never be known. The only road to physical fitness is through exercise and abstemiousness. There can be no sufficient exercise without abstemiousness. Rockefeller's doctor has just predicted that the multi-millionaires will live to be a hundred years old because he says, "he takes a great deal of exercise in open air and always leaves the table hungry." Of course the doctor's prophecy is not proved but it may be assumed that Rockefeller has about as good a physique and as wise as money will buy and this hint and suggestion in the way of preventive medicine is one that every reader may note and profit by without paying the bill that Mr. Rockefeller doubtless pays his doctor. That the present Congress is of the opinion that the big President elect is worth fifty thousand dollars a year more than the President who has been flourishing the big stick is plain to see. Yesterday Senator Collier reported the legislative, executive and judicial bill to the Senate. The most prominent feature of this bill is an increase of the salary of the President of the United States to one hundred thousand dollars a year. The same bill increases the salary of the Vice President to twenty thousand dollars, and that of the Speaker of the House to twenty thousand. This is a doubling of the salaries for all three offices. Until the election of President Grant the salary of the President of the United States was only twenty-five thousand dollars a year and now after thirty-seven years at fifty thousand dollars it is proposed again to double it. The wealth of the country has more than doubled since the President's salary was last increased and there are a number of men, presidents of much smaller corporations than the United States of America, who are receiving a yearly salary of more than that now proposed to pay the President.

The branch of the Government, however, in most urgent need of an increase of salary is the Federal judiciary. The Justices of the Supreme and Federal Courts. These are the men who hold the scale of corruption and the ordinary cares of life that they may be able to administer the law in an atmosphere of serenity and calmness far removed from securer concern. Complete consecration of such men cannot be expected, unless they shall receive compensating salaries.

It is refreshing to know that the returning Congressmen from Panama speak hopefully and encouragingly of the progress of the Panama Canal and add their voices to the prediction that it will be finished in six years.

Prince Yamagata of Japan says: "We want war with no nation, least of all with America; our military establishment is solely for defence. There is no yellow peril; we should not be associated with China; it has very little strength and its existence as a nation depends on the powers." Each Japanese boy undergoes military drill, each adult must perform army service. Japan can place 1,000,000 men in the field. During the war every family subscriber for Japanese bonds, in two thousand denominations as \$2,500.

A new publication has made its appearance in the State. It is known as the Pilgrim News-Letter and is the organ of the Society of the Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims, which was founded at Providence on December 21, 1908. Hon. Thomas W. Blackwell, A. M., LL. D., is the editor of the News-Letter.

Personal property taxed in New York City for 1909 shows a decrease of \$16,424,000 from the previous year. The personal tax list shows a total of 51,789 names against 51,671 in 1908.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 22, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 18 to 24, warm wave 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 24. This disturbance was expected to cause warm weather in lower Mississippi valley, a cold wave and blizzard to northern states and Canada, causing very low temperatures north of parallel 40.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 22 cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 21 to 28, eastern states 27. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 22, great central valleys 21, eastern states 20. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 25, great central valleys 23, eastern states 22.

This disturbance will cause high temperatures, a great rise from the low temperatures preceding and the cool wave following will not bring very cold weather nor much precipitation. About and immediately following Jan. 23 great energy will develop in all storm features and severe storms may be expected.

First disturbance of February will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 21 to Feb. 2, eastern states 28. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 29, great central valleys 21, eastern states 26. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 1, great central valleys 23, eastern states 21.

Indications are that about last of January all storm features for all sections of the country will change, the storm center crossing the continent well to northward and the cool wave for southward causing relatively warmer weather in northern states and than in southern states. On east part of the continent the cold will cover nearly all the country to the Canadian line.

The storm forces will develop great energy from Jan. 23 to middle of Feb. and dangerous storms are likely to occur at any time. Trend of temperature will be upward till about first of Feb. and then downward till after middle of Feb. General forecast of Feb. weather will be given in next bulletin. I expect dangerous storms Feb. 6 to 10.

QUAKES AND FIRES.

They Are Frequent Occurrences In Stricken City of Messina.

Messina, Jan. 21.—Earth shocks still continue here. Some of them are slight, but the others, stronger in character, are usually accompanied by an underground roar, which still cause considerable alarm.

Fires have broken out among the debris in different quarters, which fact does not tend to lessen the alarm. The refugees are suffering greatly because of much rain and snow.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY STANDARD TIME.

TALKING WITH GREAT CAUTION

President Realizes Gravity of Japanese-California Question

A SUBJECT OF CONFERENCES

Chief Executive Will Share Responsibility Resting Upon Governor of Golden State, Where Japanese Are Said to Be Taking Possession of Whole Towns—Fortifications For San Pedro Harbor Recommended

Washington, Jan. 22.—The Japanese legislation question in California was discussed at conferences between President Roosevelt and Senators Flint and Fulton and others. The president urged the necessity of California's congressional delegation using their influence as fully as possible against legislation that might be presented by Japan.

The president talked cautiously with some of his congressional visitors. He went so far as to say he thought nothing pending in congress nor any of the differences between himself and congress were of half the importance of the Japanese-California question.

Although he talked with great deliberation and care, the president still recognized the existence of a deeply antagonistic sentiment against the Japanese in California, and the wisdom of preventing that sentiment so as to end the agitation with as little delay as possible.

Because of the almost unanimous feeling in the state the president realizes the responsibility resting upon Governor Gillett in using his influence upon the legislature to stop legislation at this session, and he wants to do all he can to share some of that responsibility.

Senator Flint, in his conference at the White House, agreed with the president in considering that the burden placed upon Gillett is an important and serious one and he is willing to share with the governor the work of trying to allay the irritation. The president is not hesitating to use the power of Flint and will not refrain from doing anything within his power.

Senators Flint and other Californians have told the president pretty plainly that while they are willing to help him they do not place much confidence in the fairness of the government as to the decreasing number of Japanese in this country. "The facts dispute the figures," they declare, and add that the Japanese are taking possession of whole towns.

The president advised his California visitors that he would like to see a fair trial given the promises of the Japanese to decrease the number of their citizens in this country.

Defense of San Pedro

The fact that recently President Roosevelt sent to congress a report by the general staff of the army, which has just become public, recommending fortifications for San Pedro harbor, Cal., was made the basis for suggestions that such decision was reached lately in view of possible trouble with Japan.

At the war department this information was given a most explicit denial. There it was said that the general subject of the improvement of San Pedro harbor had been under consideration more than two years, beginning before there was any thought of any dispute between the United States and Japan. It was taken up as a natural military problem involving the necessary protection of the southern California coast from foreign invasion, and without reference to any particular country or enemy.

DELIVERED IN PERSON

Secretary Koenig Journeys to Washington With Root's Certificate

Washington, Jan. 22.—Secretary of State Koenig of New York arrived here today with the certificate of election of Elihu Root as United States senator from New York, signed by Governor Hughes and the secretary of state. Koenig presented it to Vice President Fairbanks this morning.

The custos has been to either mail the certificate to Washington or send it by messenger. This probably is the first time in the history of New York that the secretary of state has personally delivered to the vice president the certificate of election of a senator.

Assets at a Low Ebb

Boston, Jan. 21.—Dr. Willard K. Dyer of this city, manufacturer of a health bread, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, stating his liabilities to be \$21,156.32 and his assets as \$10,97.

Twenty-One Killed in Wreck

Glenwood Springs, Col., Jan. 19.—The official list of those killed in the Denver and Rio Grande wreck at Dotsero, Friday night, shows that twenty-one were killed.

One Cent Damages For Libel

Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 21.—The jury in Governor Comer's libel suit against the Montgomery Advertiser returned a verdict for 1 cent damages.

\$750,000 Fire at Boston

Boston, Jan. 18.—A puff of flame shot up from the rear of the most extensive automobile storage and repair plant in the city, located near Park square, shortly before dawn, and one-half an hour later 350 automobiles, valued at \$750,000, were a mass of tangled steel and iron.

RELATIONS ARE STRAINED

State Trust Probers' Invitation to Bonaparte Is Declined

Washington, Jan. 22.—After bringing a long list of questions pertaining to the merger of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company and United States Steel Corporation, the Senate sub-committee found itself baffled when Attorney General Bonaparte declined to be quizzed.

His declination to appearing before the committee came in the form of a letter, stating he had another engagement. The committee has refused to make the letter public or allow Bonaparte to do so.

It is believed here that it contained some expressions that may not tend to increase the cordial relations between the committee and the department of justice.

AS A MAN OF LETTERS

Friends Who Furthered Poe's Reputation Are Recipients of Medals

Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 20.—The Edgar Allan Poe centenary celebration reached its climax last night when addresses were delivered by Professor Wendell of Harvard on "The Nationalism of Poe" and by Dr. Smith of the University of North Carolina on "Poe's Influence on Southern Literature."

An interesting feature was the bestowal of medals to commemorate the occasion to seventy-five people who added materially to furthering Poe's reputation as a man of letters.

UNIQUE PLACE FOR NOTIFICATION

Cuban Congressmen Meet President in State Penitentiary

Havana, Jan. 21.—Congress met and went through the brief formality of canvassing the electoral vote as reported from the electoral college, after which President Dolgado of the Senate, who presided at the joint session, officially proclaimed General José M. Gómez as president and Alfonso Zayas his vice president to be the choices of the Cuban people.

Congress then resolved to call in a body upon Gómez and notify him. The senators and representatives were driven to the Gomez residence. They found, however, that he was absent, so having accepted an invitation to take breakfast at the presidio, or state penitentiary, on the outskirts of Havana, with Governor Cauchillo of the penitentiary. The members of the congress repaired thither, and in Governor Cauchillo's office the ceremony took place.

CONTENTION OF HEBREWS

America Not a Christian Country From a Constitutional Standpoint

Philadelphia, Jan. 21.—After a spirited debate on the question of men to prevent sectarian teachings and practices in the public schools the delegates to the council of the union of American Hebrew congregations adopted a resolution appointing a committee to spread literature which shall take the position that, from a constitutional standpoint, this is not a Christian country.

One section of the resolution reads: "That the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, in council assembled, protests emphatically against all such religious teachings and practices in the public schools."

HARVARD'S NEW PRESIDENT

Lowell's Election Unanimously Ratified by Board of Overseers

Boston, Jan. 21.—By a unanimous vote the Harvard board of overseers formally consented to the action of the president and fellows in electing Abbott Lawrence Lowell, president of the university to succeed President Eliot, when his resignation becomes effective on May 10.

The overseers were in session for nearly an hour and a half. A large part of the time was taken up by laudatory addresses concerning the new president.

Fire Destroys Hospital

Biddeford, Me., Jan. 18.—For the second time within three years, the Trull hospital, a private institution owned by Dr. J. F. Trull, was destroyed by fire. The fifteen patients being removed to places of safety barely in time to save their lives. The total loss is estimated at \$47,000 and is partly covered by insurance.

Tower For Custom House

Boston, Jan. 20.—The chamber of commerce and the Boston Merchants' association unanimously voted in favor of having a tower built on the present custom house in lieu of seeking another site for a new building. The design calls for a tower of sixteen stories in height.

Congress Drops Lillie

Washington, Jan. 21.—George L. Lillie, who was inaugurated Governor of Connecticut on Jan. 6 while occupying seat in the house of representatives, was dropped from membership of that body.

Father and Daughter Perish

Bridgewater, Conn., Jan. 19.—C. L. Mead, aged 50, and his daughter Sarah, aged 11, were burned to death in a fire that destroyed their home here.

Rev. Amos H. Koenig, D. D., for many years a prominent Methodist minister, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Silas Peirce, in Brookline, Mass. He was 79 years of age and a native of Pennsylvania.

Walter W. Burnham of Providence was chosen president of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Association of Knights Templar commandery.

Twenty-One Killed in Wreck

Glenwood Springs, Col., Jan. 19.—The official list of those killed in the Denver and Rio Grande wreck at Dotsero, Friday night, shows that twenty-one were killed.

One Cent Damages For Libel

Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 21.—The jury in Governor Comer's libel suit against the Montgomery Advertiser returned a verdict for 1 cent damages.

\$750,000 Fire at Boston

Boston, Jan. 18.—A puff of flame shot up from the rear of the most extensive automobile storage and repair plant in the city, located near Park square, shortly before dawn, and one-half an hour later 350 automobiles, valued at \$750,000, were a mass of tangled steel and iron.

CAUGHT WITH PARAPHERNALIA

Boston Inspectors Capture a Batch of Notorious Crooks

A RESULT OF DARING WORK

Police Lived With Gang Several Days For the Purpose of Securing Evidence—Credit Duo Former Thief Who Learned of Rendezvous and Plans and Furnished Authorities With Information of Great Value

Boston, Jan. 22.—A gang of crooks known to the police throughout the country as the cleverest of their kind in their respective lines, armed with heavy calibre revolvers, rounds of cartridges and "Jumbo," and carrying their faces and dark lanterns, was rounded up in the South End by men from the office of Chief Inspector Wattie, and are under heavy lock and key in the city tombs.

The capture of the men was due to the daring work of members of the police inspector's office who for the past week or ten days have been living with the crooks, or "yoggen," as they are more frequently called, for the purpose of securing evidence against them and making their arrest.

The inspectors were placed on the track of the men immediately following the burglary of the postoffice at Holliston last week Tuesday, when a small sum of money was received by blowing open the safe and one of the robbers was shot.

It was learned last night that the men had fully equipped themselves for some deed and intended to take the 6:40 train for Melrose. It is believed with the intention of making a big break in that vicinity. It was therefore deemed best to round up the gang at once.

Charged With Holliston Break

Accordingly seven men were placed under arrest, two others taken along released after examination. Technically the men will be held for the break at Holliston, although New York, Chicago and other cities have been notified and may have the men if they desire them.

Credit for the capture of the men is really due to the work of Jack O'Donnell, a former express thief, who has recently been working for the local express companies in an endeavor to stop the thieving from express wagons about the city. O'Donnell learned of the rendezvous and, after mixing with the men and finding out their plans, informed the inspector's department.

The fact that the policemen of Melrose held their annual ball last night is believed to be the reason for the yeggs' decision to visit that city, although their exact plans are unknown to the police.

A THREE-STORY JUMP

It Proves Too Much For Murderer's Pursuers and He Escapes

New York, Jan. 22.—After a sensational chase over roof-tops, in which he distanced his pursuers by jumping from a height of three stories, and landing uninjured, an unknown Italian made good his escape here after shooting down a fellow-countryman, Pasquale Miami, in East Fifteenth street.

Miami, hit by two of the five shots fired by his assailant, died in a short time.

The police later said they identified the dead man as a member of the Black Hand brotherhood with a prison record.

PATTERSON IS CRITICISED

Governor's Veto on State-Wide Prohibition Is Not Sustained

Nashville, Jan. 21.—Over the veto of Governor Patterson, both houses of the legislature passed senate bill No. 1, which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors in Tennessee within four miles of a schoolhouse.

The vote in the senate stood 20 to 13. The house vote was 61 to 36. In each house the passage was effected by a combination of Republicans and Democrats.

The galleries were packed in both houses, and the debates following the reading of the governor's message were bitter, Patterson being severely criticized.

Lupton Promoted to Consulship

Washington, Jan. 22.—The senate confirmed the nomination of Stuart K. Lupton of Tennessee, to be consul at Messina, vice Arthur S. Cheney, who was killed in the recent earthquake. Lupton also was at Messina, acting as deputy consul.

Awful Tragedy in Children's Presence

Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 21.—With four of his six children looking on, Frederick Copping, 50 years old, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide by blowing out his brains. The tragedy was the result of domestic troubles.

Forty Years in the Army

Washington, Jan. 22.—Colonel David A. Lyle of the ordnance department was placed on the retired list of the army on account of age, after forty years' service.

Chairs Leave With Cabinet

Washington, Jan. 19.—President Roosevelt and the two members of his cabinet will take with them as souvenirs the chairs they have occupied at cabinet meetings when the president retires from office on March 4. They will replace them at their own expense. This has been the custom of former presidents and cabinet members.

JAGGAR'S PREDICTION

Mr. Etna's Greatest Eruption Will Occur Within Eighteen Months Boston, Jan. 22.—"I absolutely predict, without any hesitation, that within a year and a half Mr. Etna will experience a fearful eruption," declared Professor Jagger, head of the geological department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and acknowledged one of the best authorities on volcanoes and earthquakes in the United States, in an address here last night.

Professor Jagger went on to say that the great earthquake at Messina is but the forerunner of the greatest eruption which Mr. Etna has ever known. He predicted that no earthquakes occur in cycles. Messina would be safe for another generation. Speaking of local conditions, Jagger stated that there were earthquake centers in Manchester, N. H., Providence and New York city, and that Boston was one of the safest places in the United States in this regard.

"COLONY OF CRIMINALS"

Last One In Central America Is About to Be Broken Up

Washington, Jan. 21.—Through a favorable report made to the senate from the committee on foreign relations on an extradition treaty with Honduras, steps were taken to break up the last asylum of persons who commit crimes in the United States.

When this treaty is ratified and proclaimed by the President of the United States, extradition of criminals will be possible with all governments of the world.

The treaty with Honduras is particularly important, because there is in that country a colony of filibusters from Justice from this country. It is believed the "colony of criminals," so-called, will be driven out of Central America and many of the persons residing there will be brought to this country for trial.

KILLED AND ATE TWO COMPANIONS

Charges Against a Belgian

Trapper in the Far North

Montreal, Jan. 22.—The attorney general of Quebec province has been notified of the capture of a Belgian trapper named Orsatz, accused of murder and cannibalism, and his detention at Fort Albany, a Hudson Bay company post on St. James' bay.

Orsatz is charged with murdering and eating portions of the bodies of a French companion named Bernard and a guide named Lantier, who accompanied him to the Chibougamou country a year and a half ago.

Judges' Pay Increased

Washington, Jan. 22.—A debate on the propriety of increasing salaries of federal circuit and district judges consumed nearly the entire time of the senate, with the result that the compensation of the twenty-nine circuit judges was increased from \$7500 to \$9000 and that of the eighty-four district judges from \$6000 to \$8000.

Another Million From Rockefeller

Chicago, Jan. 20.—John D. Rockefeller has given another \$1,000,000 to the University of Chicago. Rockefeller's total contributions to the university aggregate \$21,800,000 for endowment and other purposes.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

Capital \$3,000,000 00 Surplus \$3,000,000 00

NEWPORT BRANCH, 301 THAMES STREET

PARTICIPATION ACCOUNT.

FUGITIVE SPAR BUOYS

Rescuing These Stray "Sticks"
Is Perilous Work.

SIGNBOARDS OF CHANNELS.

How These Mariners' Guides Are Anchored and How They Sometimes Break Away and Are Hunted Down by the Lighthouse Service Tents.

When the winter gales begin to blow, the tenders of the lighthouse service turn their stems toward northern seas to hunt stray spar buoys. Of all the work of the coast patrol this, perhaps, is the most exposed to danger. Pulling these "signboards" out of the sea or putting them over side is like "yanking" spiders with a ton derrick on a brawling platform.

Although passengers in the boats that ply the waters of New York harbor, Long Island sound and other waterways along the coast see many spar buoys, they give them little thought. With the men at the wheel it is different. Color, shape and size give him volumes of information, and he looks upon the spar buoy as an invaluable guide.

In the government inventories they are listed as "sticks," although they are sometimes sixty feet long. They are anchored in the bed of a river or harbor channel, their "up ends" pointed in such a way as to indicate to the observer the formation of the bottom.

On the margin of government charts explanatory notes tell one that vessels approaching a harbor from the sea should leave red buoys with even numbers on the right and black, with odd numbers on the left side of channels. Black and white striped buoys, the stripes running perpendicularly, mean an obstruction in the channel, with room to get by on either side.

If buoys or stakes ornament the "up ends" it means a turning point, the color and number indicating the course.

These sticks are put down with heavy iron anchors and sometimes great stone weights. One would suppose that so fixed they never could get away, but they do, and it is a job to find them. Ice does break their cables and sometimes crush the stakes; storms pull them loose, and ships in the fog or darkness foul them and tear them from their hold on the bottom. Not infrequently ships use them as mowers, although this is forbidden.

There are instances where the anchors of a spar buoy have been secured enough to hold against ice pressure and in a narrow channel cause a dangerous jam. But such cases are few, for when this happens the weight of the ice usually becomes so great as to force the buoy under, and the pack slides on.

If the ice pack gets under the buoy so as to lift it there is only one result—the parting of the cable. Then it starts the spar upon a journey maybe of thousands of miles, perhaps of only one or two. It may fetch up on the nearest shore, and it may drift to the coast of Europe or into the southern seas. On the Irish coast today is one which traveled there in six weeks from New York harbor. It was presented to the British government by the United States and now floats off the coast on which it stopped after its long Atlantic journey.

If it is a long chase to find the stray buoys it is even a more difficult task to recover the anchors left behind by the fugitive spars. Tenders that sail out of the harbor have a derrick and tackle rigged in front of the pilot house, with a donkey engine to lift and pull. The location of every buoy is marked on the charts to a degree, so it is not difficult to find the desired position. The serious business is dragging for the anchor and after grappling with it to hoist it aboard ship. Here the donkey engine comes into play. Another hazard is to pull a spar buoy aboard. If a sea happens to be running the captain of the tender has to use extreme care, should a big roller get under him and suddenly tighten the lifting chains either they would give way or the weight would come up too fast, the crew in either case being placed in jeopardy of their lives.

But the risk these men run is all in the day's work. To them a job in a bayway on a lee shore is regarded as no more monotonous task than repairing a row of buoys on land.—New York Post.

The Brevity of Ballarat.

It was in Ballarat that Mark Twain found the local language so puzzling at first, the good people of the place deeming life too short to dawdle in their talk.

The mayor called on the American humorist and innocently said "I'm." Then when Mark Twain gave him a cigar he simply said "Q."

Subsequent inquiry revealed that these terms were Ballaratian for "welcome" and "thank you."—London Chronicle.

Hailed.

"Does that young woman hail from Boston?"

"Yes," answered the western youth thoughtfully, "that expresses the idea precisely. She hails from Boston. I was never before overtaken by such a heavy downfall of intellectual fire."

Man Poor Man

Mrs. Flitter—Mrs. Crabbapple says her husband kisses her goodly every morning of his life. Mr. Flitter—I often wondered what gave him that sour expression.—Smart Set.

Death hangs over thee while thou livest, while it is in thy power to be good.—Aurelius.

Concerning His Kissing of Her. Only one person with a mean disposition would have figured out this little prose poem. It runs as follows: "Which do you think is the greatest sin?"

Did he kiss her?

Did he kiss her?

Did he KISS her?

Or,

Did he kiss HELL?—Cleveland News.

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A Bucksport Legend of Colonial Days in Maine.

Close by the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot river, is a ruined family cemetery. Within its enclosure sleep the Bucks, the blue-blooded folk who first settled the town and bequeathed it their name and a legend.

The largest and most conspicuous monument in the cemetery is a tall granite shaft, which is in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription: "Col. John Buck, the Founder of Bucksport, A. D. 1702. Born in Haverhill, N.H., 1718. Died March 18, 1765."

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, which can be easily imagined to be a foot of normal size. The people who say that it is a foot believe in the legend which has oft been told in Bucksport.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very harsh man and the leading spirit in his day and generation. He was the highest in civil authority, and his word was law in the community in which he resided. He was an out and out Puritan, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first hearings of the popular Colonel Buck ordered that she be imprisoned, and later she was sentenced to be executed as a witch.

The execution day came, and the woman went to the gallows, cursing her Judge with such terrible words that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved. All was ready, and the hangman was about to perform his duty, when the woman turned to Colonel Buck, and, raising one hand toward heaven, she said:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only living God which bids me speak to you. You will soon die, and over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know the spot where your bones lie and crumble to dust."

"Upon that stone the imprint of my foot shall appear, and for all time, after your accursed race has vanished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman."

She then turned to her executioners, and another act transpired to make a part of American colonial history. The "witch curse" had been almost forgotten until the monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport.

It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered on it. It grew more and more distinct, until some person made the discovery that it was the outline of a foot. The old legend was revived.

They said that the "witch's curse" had been fulfilled. An attempt was made to remove the stone, but every effort only tended to make it plainer.

The imprint of the foot is there today as plain as ever. Amateur photographers have taken pictures of it, and a visit to the Buck cemetery to see the "witch's foot" is one of the pastimes of every summer visitor to the pretty little town.—New York World.

Encouraging the Boy.

"Son," remarked Mr. Erastus Flakley, "I do hear you talkin' bout boilin' a great bunch!"

"That's what I said," answered plebiantly Jim, "I's gwinter hunt them."

"An' you mentoned befor' er little explorer."

"Well, Jes' by way of practice befor' you tackles anytun lemme see if you can get the row on'n pasture without bein' heade, an' den as do winter comes along you kin train fol' do north pole by wadlin' out in de snow to de wood pile twice a day. An' don' lemme heah no mo' 'bout not encouragement' yoh youthful ambitions!"—Washington Star.

The Way to His Vote.

Lord Beaconsfield's still in picking up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a book by Henry W. Lucy.

At the time that the imperial titles bill was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was delectable. One evening in the lobby Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking," he said. "I really thought I saw agin' my old friend Tom Moore."

The vain little gentleman was captured.

He Hits Back.

There had been a domineering at breakfast.

"You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding. "You are not like my two former husbands. They were tender men."

"I never doubted that they were tender, Marla," ventured the weak man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time!" And he just cleared the front porch two yards ahead of the rolling pin.—Chicago News.

Pat's Services.

Clergyman—Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute? Pat—Me services, sir. Clergyman—What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter, Pat—No, but it rains next Sunday. I'll sit over the hole.—Pearson's.

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GAVE THE ANSWER.

A Soldier Who Followed the Orders of General Jackson.

Illustrative of the exasperating ease with which gallants occasionally "come home to roost" is this story from "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie." On a day in June, 1862, John Buck, the Founder of Bucksport, A. D. 1702. Born in Haverhill, N.H., 1718. Died March 18, 1765."

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The Way the Law Is Administered in Merrie England.

In 1843, when Father Mathew was crusading for total abstinence in London, he created no small amusement for a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted good humbly, but resolutely, the efforts of his zealous neighbor. The incident is related by Katherine Ryan in her biography of Father Mathew.

"I drink very little wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner. And, though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."

"He was wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you were wrong in taking the small quantity you do," said Father Mathew.

"I do, wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you were wrong in taking the small quantity you do," said Father Mathew.

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The Italian Woman.

Her Grace, Her Petty Pimples, Her Works.

(Louise Mack, in the London Mail)

She begins her day, as most of us do, in bed. But, as we all know, there are few of us who look quite as pretty as she does sitting up, holding her long, frilled pillow, with a little dainty jacket falling back from her arms and showing her perfectly modelled hand and well-shaped, clasped elbows.

Out of the shadow of her curtain comes a vision of two glowing black eyes, gleaming teeth and red lips that move with an impudent coquetry over the soft words she is throwing out to her audience of snobs, millets, aristocrats all blushing, strutting, dandizing, who fill the room with their bold young presence—they are always young, these little miliners dressed up, swiveling wags, embossed— and their incongruous structures, which have been created there to sit by their neck-ties, snub noses in weeks of little, one-night, black-eyed girls of eleven or twelve.

The lady of the house—summer is coming—is getting lots of new things, it seems. In fact, you might imagine that she is going in for a most magnificent and extensive wardrobe, but, in truth, she is not doing anything of the kind. All these things reduce themselves to very little when you come to analyze them. There is a little white alpaca suit, for the making of which the dressmaker charges fifteen francs (about twelve dollars); there is a sumptuous lamp-work embroidery for trimming of the same, for which the embroidery charges five francs; there are a couple of hats that the milliner trimmed for one franc each; there is a beautiful white muslin petticoat, smocked in embroidery and lace and ribbons, that the cost of which was quite happy to make for three francs.

And who and what is this? A man? Yes, certainly. In her black robes she advances towards the bed, affectionately salutes the lady of the house, and displays a wonderful piece of Venetian point, which has been made to adorn at her convent, and for which the lady of the house will pay about six times less—or is it sixteen times less?—than you or I would pay if we bought it ourselves in Venice.

The fact is that we are face to face with the supreme accomplishment of the modern Italian woman—shopping! And that does not necessarily imply going to shops. As you can see by these delightful scenes in her bedroom, she does the most important part of the business. In her own room and at her own leisure, lying in bed among her pillows and silk and lace, pattern and pieces are brought here to her, and as she lies back languidly and languidly and languidly and languidly, she flashes her eyes, she argues, smiles, coquettishly. She never forgets to be charming and amiable and winning. And yet she never forgets for a second that she is engaged in the most delicate and important business of an Italian woman's life—bargaining!

How the air flows with flowery words! What compliment! What! With what an air does the dressmaker assure the signor that she looks better than an angel (lovely as an angel) in this new dress! And how the word elegant is made to show its paces. Come a elegant! Come a elegant!—Bellissima! Splendissima! Distintissima!

They have all gone. It is eleven o'clock. She has risen, bathed, and seated herself before her glass, to busy with her dressing. This is a most important business, and if you notice you will see that she is having her locks not brushed but combed. This is a hint she has taken from her peasant countrywomen, whose magnificent hair, always in the plait of coiffure, is attributable to the fact that they do not brush but only comb their hair vigorously, thereby keeping the head always in a well-massaged state.

"Fortunata," she says to her maid, "is not my hair a little dry?"

"It is true, signor. I think you had better have a little oil rubbed into it."

Fortunata rings, and forthwith appears Torquato, a man servant, who is ordered to bring up a bottle of olio da Lucia—pure Lucia oil.

"Instantly," says Torquato, but before he goes his mistress detains him to ask if he has found out who those English people are that have taken the adjoining villa.

"Si, signor," says Torquato. The hairdressing is suspended. The signora turns round, unbuttoned and curtains.

And Torquato tells all he knows. It is a signor—a great lady—English—but what luxury! She has brought carpets for all the rooms from England, and has been burning for two days before she came into the villa. She is molto elegante, with all her hats in the latest style, from Paris, turned up on one side, and she and her daughter wear decollete every night at dinner. They say the Inglesi do so in England. Is that true, signor? ("Si, si, Torquato.") She knows the Princess C. and the Duchess X. They wrote to her on her arrival. She is a member of the aristocracy; that is certain.

"Decollete every night! But, oh, these English!" cries the eager listener, who never in her life went decollete, except to a ball.

"And how they eat, these English!" continues Torquato.

"Yes? Tell me, Torquato."

"They eat all the day long. They are never satisfied. They take a cup of tea in bed, then they come down and eat a collation of fish, eggs, prosciutto fritto, and fruit, at half-past eight. Then at one they eat again!"

"But what do they eat then, Madonna?"

"Everything," with a wide sweep of the arm.

"How is it possible?"

"They at five o'clock they eat again; then, roast cold, cakes, bread, and butter, everything, and at eight o'clock, they eat again, a great dinner, and then they take coffee or tea, and then before they go to bed they eat a biscuit or a sandwich, or a wacky salt, Ecco."

The mistress, the manservant and the maid all utter lively expressions of astonishment at the meals of the English, wondering how they can manage to eat so much and so often, for most Italians take only two meals a day, at twelve and at seven. The lower classes drink a cup of black coffee in the morning without anything to eat, and other people eat only a little bread for breakfast, with or without butter, with their coffee.

And now the oil arrives, and is rubbed in by the maid's finger; the hair is then most carefully and elaborately dressed, pulled out in front and at the sides, but not combed high, and generally allowed to lie along the forehead, fringe-wise. Then it is brushed with a little brilliantant till it shines all over, combs are put in, and, in

What we Can.

Miss Gladys Every Day to Help Our Neighbors on the Way.

Rebecca Harding Davis in January 86.

Who was that French boy that made his servant wake him every morning with the cry, "Rise, Monsieur le Comte, you have great things to do today?" The world has forgotten his name, and it is probable that he never did any great thing in it, but we may be sure that the call drove him every day to do many little good things for which the world was better and happier then, and which, we doubt, are working to it like leaven for good to this day.

Why should not each one of us wake every morning—remembering that though the new day may give us no chance for splendid achievement—no time to carry to a sinking ship—no word to speak which shall uplift a nation—there will be plenty of chances in it before night to give to our neighbors fun, courage, or strength? We cannot, perhaps, write a poem like Keats's "Nightingale," we cannot "climax" radiation; but we can fill our windows with flowers to bid a cheerful good morning to passersby.

The old Puritan doctrine that plenty meant self-torment and gloom is fading out of our minds. People of all sects are finding out that our Father has given us a beautiful home, and that He wishes us to rejoice in it and in Him, and to help our neighbors to rejoice with us. Even Isaac Watts, far back in his gloomy day, insisted that "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."

"But," argues some girl who has neither beauty, health, nor social position to give her influence, "what can I do to make the world better and happier?"

A woman living a few years ago in a miserable little village planted in front of her house a flower garden. When her neighbors crowded round to admire it she persuaded them to go and live there. She gave them seeds, she helped them to dig and weed, she kept up the work until they achieved success and were able to send flowers to the country fair. The poor-spirited women in other villages became wise in seeds and bulbs instead of scandalous gossip. The men, for shorts, cleaned and dredged the streets. The little woman is dead and forgotten, but her work will be a help to many generations.

An Eton boy, Quintus Hogg, appalled by the misery of mighty, dreary London, got a barrel and a board, a couple of sandals and some old books, and started a school at night, under London bridge. He had two wharf-rats as his first scholars. When he died, hundreds of thousands of poor men put a shilling hand on their arms. They had been trained in the many polyglot schools which had sprung out of the barrel and board—not only in Great Britain, but in her colonies as well.

In short, we may be sure when we walk each morning, that God has filled our hands with good seed, which if we plant them will go on yielding fruit throughout the ages.

The best word which "St. Nicholas" can speak on New Year's morning to the young folk who read it is, Make the best of your selves; yes, and help all you can.

"The Chairman: "Gentlemen, we will now proceed to Reduce the Tariff, beginning with the Woolton Schedule."

Instantly a loud wall of groans

shakes the air, and two thousand

starving millionaire women manufacturers rush in and fall upon their knees before the Committee. In voices choked with sobs they relate their sorrows. They are already on the brink of ruin, with the utmost difficulty

they keep the Wolf from the Door. Of all the millionaires in the world they are the poorest and most desirous, and nothing but the existing tariff keeps them alive.

"We had more ruin too," declared the oldest resident. "I raised hordes and others. I've rowed a skiff all around where these streets are in the spring. I had a skiff I built out of some planks that was swayed by hand. What have you got to say about that?"

"Nothing," replied the grocer, "You're no old man nor a customer of mine."

"You don't believe that it got any better than this," said the oldest resident. "I know what's the matter with you. It would have been here in the summer of '98 or '99 if you had said it. You know, there wouldn't have been no mistake about it."

"I may be laughing this off, but the Committee is telling the truth," admitted the grocer. "What makes it seem more real, though, is the way that there thermometer is regulated, and the way I'm sweating with sweat. I suppose you're right, though. All these buildings around here shut off the hot air that you used to get. You didn't have nothing to protect you in the early days."

"I haven't got it figured out why, but it's so," persisted the oldest resident.

"It's funny," said the grocer. "I guess it will keep a-goin' on this way, gettin' colder in the summer and warmer in the winter until we won't get no kind of weather at all the year round, not to speak of it gettin' colder in the winter and warmer in the summer back in '98 or '99 all the time."

"You just don't believe me," said the oldest resident. "That's all there is to it."—Chicago News.

IRON, STEEL, AND PROSPERITY

At this one enter a large and sever-looking gentleman with a heavy frown. He ejaculates an indignant protest. He says it is perfectly well known that the iron and steel industry of the United States is in the most precarious condition. He owns it and he ought to know. Last year with the utmost economy it was possible to make only one hundred million dollars on a capitalization of one billion, not more than sixty percent, of which was pure water. The prosperity of the country depends upon the prosperity of the iron and steel industry (which he owns) and he would like to know how he can maintain any prosperity if they go looking around the tariff. Also, how will they get any campaign subscriptions?

Whereupon the Committee is terror-stricken, makes hasty apology and passes up the Iron and Steel Schedule. And so on. It is a grand play, something like a Chinese drama, you know. Goes on for weeks and months. In the last act, the Committee gets

pleasants to the end of the million or so schedules that constitute the blessed American tariff, and its work is complete. And, has the tariff been reduced? Well, I should say so. With justifiable joy and pride the Chairman reviews the results of his labors.

The tariff has been Reduced.

Acorn, newfelda, and perlwinkle shells have been placed on the free list and the duty has been reduced fifty per cent, on dried, deviled, and blanched nutmeg, not more than half wood.

He isn't much of a baker who eats all the bread he bakes.

For Over Sixty Years

Miss Weston's "Soothing Syrup" has been used by infant nurses for their children while teething. It diminishes and broken by their pain of teething teeth and eases the pain of cutting teeth and

at once get a bottle of "Miss Weston's Soothing Syrup" for Colic, Teething, It

will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It is a mother's choice. It soothes the stomach and tones up the bowels.

It softens the glands, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

"Mrs. Weston's Soothing Syrup" for infantile teething is pleasant to the taste, and has a decided sedative effect.

It is sold by all druggists throughout the world, and is a favorite for "Miss Weston's Soothing Syrup." Manufactured under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1000.

In point of area New Orleans is the second largest city in this country.

Relief from SICK HEADACHE, DROWSINESS,

Nausea, Dizziness, and Indigestion guaranteed.

These complaints are nearly always caused

by torpid liver and constipated bowels.

Restore these organs to their proper functions and the trouble ceases. Carter's Little Liver Pill will do this every time. One pill a dose. Don't forget this. Price 25 cents.

The giant bees of India build honeycombs as high as eighteen feet.

You hardly realize that it is a miracle, when tak-

ing Carter's Little Liver Pill, they are very small; no bad effects, all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

If a recent decree won't let you engage in business in Spain.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer.

It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pill will cure you. Dose, one Little Liver Pill price, small dose, small pill.

In Spain there is a man who carries on a regular trade in rattan chairs.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Little Liver Pill will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

What did you do with my thermometer?" demanded the doctor who had been called to attend one of the freaks.

"I swallowed it, doc," answered the glass-eater. "I thought it was my medicine."—Pittsburg Press.

The difference between a barber and a sculptor is very slight. The one cuts up and dyes, and the other makes faces and busts.

A mechanic wants to know if the company for the making of artificial limbs is a joint stock one.

"I notice they are sprinkling the boulevards with oil. Oil rots rubber, doesn't it?"

"Not so far as I know. I haven't heard a word of complaint on the part of the automobile repairers,"—Chicago Tribune.

"What did you do with my thermometer?" demanded the doctor who had been called to attend one of the freaks.

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Revise The Tariff? Hal Hal!

Charles Edward Russell, on the Spiky Tariff Comedy.

If you like humor if with the ear-to-ear laugh that most of life's phases have their comic aspects; above all, if you are too easily put up on by the solemn intentions of statesmanship then this winter you are in for the time of your life.

We are going to reduce the tariff.

About fifteen years have passed since we have seen the full performance of this enterprising drama, and for the benefit of those not aware of its many chancery we may do well to recapitulate the salient features, says Cleander Edward Russell, in the February issue of *Hampton's Magazine*. The comic of the picture is this that you, as you are approaching your end, observed the grocer. "If you don't feel this you won't feel anything. You remind me of a place that I read in the paper about a father that died out in Arizona. He got used to the climate there."

"I remember my father reading that when I was a little boy, knee high to a gopher, said the oldest.

"The trait has come to Reduce the Tariff."

At which the audience, which up to this time has not taken the least interest in the performance, is expected to applaud vehemently.

"When the applause has died away the Lange Person says:

"We will now proceed to Reduce the Tariff."

Enter about seventeen sturdy persons, known as the Wives and Means Committee of the House. They sit around a huge table adorned with lace (stage properties), and many documents that are easily schedulable. The Chairman picks up one of these and says:

"We will now proceed to Reduce the Tariff, beginning with the Woolton Schedule."

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